

"God helping me," cried Columbus, "though fair or foul the breeze, I will sail and sail till I find the land beyond the western seas!"  
 So an eagle might leave its eyrie, bent, though the blue should bar,  
 To fold its wings on the loftiest peak of an undiscovered start  
 And into the vast and void abyss he followed the setting sun;  
 Nor gulfs nor gales could fright his sails till the wondrous quest was done.  
 But Oh, the weary vigils, the murmuring, torturing days,  
 But his rarest, noblest bounty was a New World for the Soul!  
 For he sailed from the Past with its stifling walls, to the Future's open sky,  
 And the ghosts of gloom and fear were laid as the breath of heaven went by;  
 And the pedant's pride and the lordling's scorn were lost, in that vital air,  
 As fogs are lost when sun and wind sweep ocean blue and bare;  
 And Freedom and larger Knowledge dawned clear, the sky to span,  
 The birthright, not of priest or king, but of every child of man!  
 Uplift the New World's Banner to greet the exultant sun!  
 Let its rosy gleams still follow his beams as swift to west they run,  
 Till the wide air rings with shout and hymn to welcome it shining high,  
 And our eagle from lone Katahdin to Shasta's snow can fly  
 In the light of its stars as fold on fold is flung the autumn sky!  
 Uplift it, Youths and Maidens, with songs and loving cheers;  
 Through triumphs, raptures, it has waved, through agonies and tears.  
 Columbia looks from sea to sea and thrills with joy to know  
 Her myriad sons, as one, would leap to shield it from a foe!  
 And you who soon will be the State, and shape each great decree,  
 Oh, vow to live and die for it, if glorious death must be!  
 The brave of all the centuries gone this stately Flag have wrought;  
 In dungeons dim, on gory fields, its light and peace were bought;  
 And you who front the future—whose days our dreams fulfill—  
 On Liberty's immortal height, oh, plant it firmer still!  
 For it floats for broadest learning; for the soul's supreme release  
 For law disdaining license; for righteousness and peace;  
 For valor born of justice, and its amplest scope and plan  
 Makes a queen of every woman, a king of every man!  
 While forever, like Columbus, o'er Truth's unfathomed main  
 It pilots to the hidden isles, a grander realm to gain.  
 Ah! what a mighty trust is ours, the noblest ever sung,  
 To keep this Banner spotless its kindred stars among!  
 Our fleets may throng the oceans—our forts the headlands crown—  
 Our mines their treasures lavish for mint and mart and town—  
 Rich fields and flocks and busy looms bring plenty, far and wide—  
 And statelier temples deck the land than Rome's or Athens' pride—  
 And science dare the mysteries of earth and wave and sky—  
 Till none with us in splendor and strength and skill can vie;  
 Yet, should we reckon Liberty and Manhood less than these,  
 And slight the right of the humblest between our circling seas—  
 Should we be false to our sacred past, our fathers' God forgetting,  
 This Banner would lose its luster, our sun be nigh his setting!  
 But the dawn will sooner forget the east, the tides their ebb and now,  
 Than you forget our radiant Flag and its matchless gifts forego!  
 Nay! you will keep it high-advanced with ever brightening away—  
 The Banner whose light betokens the Lord's diviner day—  
 Leading the nations gloriously in Freedom's holy way!  
 No cloud on the field of azure—no stain on the rosy bars—  
 God bless you, Youths and Maidens, as you guard the Stripes and Stars!  
 EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

A PLANET LIKE OURS.

In All Essential Points Mars is Startlingly Like the Earth.

The first sight of Mars through an observatory telescope is almost terrifying, even for a person of good nerve. It is as if one saw the whole earth, with its icy poles, as a solid globe, floating overhead. One distinguishes clearly the dark blue seas and the brilliant beaming, many hued dry land—and on this the dry beds of a multitude of lakes, bays, gulfs, streams and canals, these latter either parallel to each other or crossing one another at right angles.

As you continue to look you note the variations of color and light shade and further that the outlines on one edge of the disc pass out of sight, while on the other the landscape expands; you see that Mars revolves on its axis and the ends of the axis are the frozen poles, as with us. There is a further resemblance in the inclination of the axis, which provides that on this planet also the seasons follow each other in regular succession. The ice crust at the poles diminishes in summer, affording demonstration not only that Mars is influenced by the sun's rays precisely as we are, but also that the air and water are identical with ours. In fact, the meteorology of Mars is now being reduced to a science.

Judging the two planets by superficial characteristics, however, one must admit a condition implying a higher degree of development in Mars. The continents of the earth, seen from a distance, present a very torn appearance, and occupy scarcely a third of its surface, while Mars is girdled on both sides of the equator by one continuous mainland, intersected by a network of canals and rivers, the land occupying approximately three-fourths of the whole area of the planet and the water only one-fourth, as a consequence of which it may be that its atmosphere is less clouded and vapor laden than ours. Peculiarly characteristic is the arrangement in which the geological nature of Mars has laid out the streams (canals?).

All our streams, without exception, are tortuous, and all increase in width as they near the ocean. On Mars, on the contrary, the streams flow in straight lines and are of uniform width from source to mouth. These streams, from 70 to 100 kilometers apart, have their banks so well defined as to suggest the idea that they are subject to intelligent regulation. It is hardly possible to conceive that two parallel canals, intersected at right angles by a third, as in Orphir land can be the work of elementary forces of nature. The question suggests itself again by the two canals which flow from ocean to ocean through the Island Hellas, crossing each other at right angles in the center. Not less questionable is the origin of the great blue Lake of the Sun in the center of Kepler land, with its three retilinear canals connecting it with the ocean.

Ever and ever the question occurs: Is it possible that the crust of a planet whose density is only seven-tenths less than that of the earth can be so yielding that the streams at their origin encounter no impediment to their direct course? Or have they really been regulated by the inhabitants of Mars—an engineering feat presenting, perhaps, few serious difficulties?

But what most excites our astonishment in connection with these canals is that almost every one of them is double, i. e., it has its parallel canal along side of it, but visible at intervals only. This has thoroughly perplexed all investigators. The earth has nothing analogous to aid us to a solution. On this account the return of Mars is looked to with considerable interest. The improvement in optical instruments within the past decade may probably help to solve the riddle, or what is perhaps still more probable, may present more riddles for solution.—Westermann's Monatsh.

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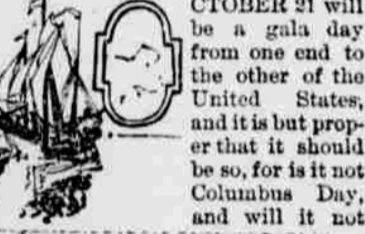
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COLUMBUS DAY.

Practical Suggestions on the Proper Observance of the Anniversary.



**OCTOBER 21** will be a gala day from one end to the other of the United States, and it is but proper that it should be so, for it is not Columbus Day, and will it not

commemorate the discovery of a world which in the comparatively short time of four centuries has emerged from the blackness of the forest and the ignorance of the savage into the blazing sun of prosperity and the noontide of intelligence? Now that the official programme for the uniform popular celebration of Columbus Day has been published, the question of the participation by this community in the national exercises becomes a live issue.

It goes without saying that the people of this locality will not be backward in evidencing their patriotism by an appropriate celebration of the memorable day, and a few suggestions as to the best method of executing this commendable design may not be amiss at this time.

In the first place, it should be borne in mind that it is intended that the school children should be the principal participants in the exercises. The pupils are to be at their places in school at 9 o'clock as usual. It is desirable that business be entirely suspended so that the relatives of the pupils may also be present. Printed programmes should be provided when possible, and the exercises will of course be subject to the limitations of the scholars, but everything which may be done should tend to the central ideas of Columbus' achievement and the remarkable progress of the country under the impetus of education. Appropriate patriotic decorations are necessary, and allegorical tableaux will add greatly to the effectiveness and enjoyment of the exercises. Music is also desirable.

In the afternoon comes the citizens' celebration, but, as in the morning exercises, the school children should take the most prominent part. Of course in the country districts this will not be the case, and the afternoon should be devoted to games for the young people and social gatherings for their elders, though every house should be decorated with the national colors. In the towns the afternoon should be devoted to some sort of formal celebration, in which all of the civic and military organizations should be invited to participate.

have reached the reviewing stand and saluted the flag will add much to the "life and color" of the scene. A mass meeting of the citizens should follow during the day, when the best orators of the locality, and the most eloquent of the declaimers among the children—say one from each school—might deliver addresses appropriate to the occasion. The topics of these speeches will readily suggest themselves, but it must be borne in mind that anything relating to Columbus will be more interesting than anything else on such an occasion. The flag salute, the ode and the patriotic songs should be executed by the children without a hitch, and for this reason a great deal of preliminary work will have to be done by them.

Upon the school teachers will devolve the greatest portion of this labor. Each teacher should at once, if it has not already been done, present the matter of the celebration of Columbus Day to his pupils, and it should be laid before the young people in such a manner that each will be anxious to contribute as much as possible to the success of the affair. Enthusiasm is what is wanted and needed, for without it failure must result. Let each teacher select committees on reception, on decorations, on exercises, on printing, on newspapers, on arrangements and on finance. The principal must be actually if not nominally the directing spirit of each committee.

At the morning exercises at the schools the veterans should have charge of the flag and should also act as guards of honor to the schools on the march to the reviewing stand. The peculiar appropriateness of the veterans being the special patrons of the school celebration is apparent. Money and the active co-operation of the citizens at large are absolutely necessary to the success of the celebration, and these should and probably will be promptly forthcoming.

Only the general outlines of exercises suggested in the official programme are here given. These may be enlarged or contracted to conform to the wishes and possibilities of the celebrants.

**The Wife of Columbus.**

What about Mrs. Columbus? She ought to figure somehow in the celebration, although there is no picture of her extant. She was a Miss Palestrello, of Lisbon, and became the wife of Columbus in 1470. Her father was a navigator, and from old Palestrello's charts Columbus got his first ideas about a western passage to the Indies.

**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**

**Baby Sue.**

About three miles from town I overtook a woman carrying a heavy bundle in her arms. She was barefooted, wore a man's straw hat, and it was easy enough to identify her as a mountaineer's wife. I brought my horse to a walk and offered to take the bundle on the saddle before me.

"It's Baby Sue," she remarked as she passed it up.

"Ah, a baby! Well, I'll be careful of her. How old is she?"

"Going on two years."

"She is pretty heavy for such a long walk."

"I've done walked over ten miles with her already; but I felt I had to do it. Jim, he's waiting for her."

"And who is Jim?"

"My man, sir. They's done got him in jail for moonshining, and the Lord only knows when he will be free. I just knowed he'd 'bout die if he couldn't have one last look at Sue."

The child was wrapped up in a faded old shawl and had a veil over her face. She lay like a log in my arms, and I supposed she was fast asleep. I had carried her a mile or more before I missed the veil to get a peep at her face. One glance told me that she was dead.

"Why, woman, your baby is dead!" I cried, as I made the discovery.

"Yes, sir; done died last night," the woman replied.

"And you—"

"I've got to take her to the jail and let Jim see her. Pore ole Jim! He done loved Baby Sue like his own life. He'd a-sar forgive me if he didn't see her afore she was buried."

She wiped the tears away as she walked beside the horse, looking up now and then at the bundle in my arms, and we didn't speak again until the jail was reached. Then she took the little dead body from my arms, tenderly kissed the cold face, and said:

"Lord bless ye for your kindness, stranger! Jim's in here, and when he sees Baby Sue, I—I reckon he won't care no more what they do to him. Pore ole Jim!"

Japan's theology has eight hells.